

JUNE 12, 1925

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



**D**R. HENRY PLEASANTS of West Chester, Pennsylvania, writes: "It might be interesting to Legionnaires in this country to know of a recent incident which illustrates the immense value of membership in The American Legion, and further emphasizes the importance of our maintaining posts in foreign lands. At midnight April 23d I received the following cablegram: 'Mrs. Blank indisposed since leaving Algiers. Reaching Paris Saturday. Cannot assume responsibility further.

(Signed) Mrs. A.' Mrs. Blank is a very dear aunt of mine who, in spite of her years, is extremely fond of foreign travel. She is the widow of a Regular Army officer who served in the Indian campaigns in Arizona many years ago. I knew no one in Paris who might be of assistance to me. I did not know what her hotel address would be, but fortunately knew her banking firm. I puzzled over the problem for a while, then remembered that we had a Paris Post of The American Legion. I looked up the records, then sent the following cablegrams: 'Mrs. A., care Morgan Harjes, Paris, France: Cable details. Communicate Conner, Commander American Legion Paris, assistance. (Signed) Pleasants, West Chester, Pa.' 'B. H. Conner, American Legion, Paris: Mrs. T. H. Blank, care Morgan Harjes, ill. Would appreciate investigation. Wire details collect. (Signed) Pleasants, West Chester, Pa.' April 25th I received the following: 'Mrs. Blank better. Hopes to sail Thursday Olympic friends. (Signed) Mrs. A.' April 28th I received this cablegram: 'Mrs. Blank was taken ill Florence. Now Metropolitan Hotel, Rue Cambon, this city.

Illness reported not serious. Do you wish further details? Do you wish me see or communicate with her personally? (Signed) Conner.' To which I replied: 'Conner, American Legion, Paris: Report excellent. Many thanks. Will advise if further help needed. Friends bringing her home. (Signed) Pleasants.' This closes the incident for the time being, but the amount of satisfaction it has been to our family to feel that in time of trouble they could call upon such an efficient body as The American Legion for assistance could scarcely be imagined. I want to bring this matter to your attention in order that others may

feel as I do. One such incident in a year is sufficient warrant for keeping up our generous support of posts in foreign lands. I want also to express through our paper the sincere thanks of our family to Comrade Commander Conner for his prompt and efficient help in this matter." The Weekly is glad to publish the details of this unusual and inspiring example of that "devotion to mutual helpfulness" which is one of the fundamentals of the Legion's creed of service.

\* \* \*

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**D**OUTBLES some readers of the Weekly are among the twenty-five percent of veteranism that has not yet filled out and sent in application blanks for Federal Adjusted Compensation. Remember that the insurance certificate begins working for the man in whose name it is to be made out as soon as the application blank is filled out and sent to Washington. If a veteran dies before his application is in, his beneficiary will receive less than half the amount he (the beneficiary) would receive if the application were in Washington. The difference to a wife or mother will be the difference between, say, \$1,500 paid in a lump and \$625 paid in installments over a period of two and a half years. The only expense to the veteran is a two-cent stamp—plus the job of filling out his application blank.

\* \* \*

**A**S THIS issue of the Weekly goes to press the world is awaiting news of the fate of Roald Amundsen, the intrepid Norwegian explorer who attempted to dash to the North Pole by airplane. A day or two after Amundsen's departure into the unknown, Captain Donald Baxter MacMillan, the story of whose plans for a summer cruise into the Arctic is told in this issue, announced his willingness to change his program and convert his trip into a search for Amundsen. It is possible, therefore, that Captain MacMillan will go north with a more definite objective than he first planned—the most thrilling objective in the world—a human being. The blood still tingles at recollection of the order given Henry M. Stanley and faithfully carried out: "Find Livingstone." MacMillan may plunge into the Arctic in response to the world cry: "Find Amundsen."



Place: Somewhere in Greenland. Time: Early spring. Temperature: Forty below zero. But that made no difference to this trusty double quartette that helped pull the members of the last MacMillan expedition over the frozen Arctic wastes

## “It’s There; It’s a Challenge”

### *Another American Expedition Turns Its Face North*

By STEWART  
BEACH

His name is Koo-e-tig-e-to, and he is the son of the famous Oo-tah who accompanied Peary to the Pole



**T**HOUGH the North Pole has been discovered these sixteen years and the fabled Northwest Passage proved but an economic dud, the frozen North still holds its thrill of the unknown for the explorer. On June 17th, the *Peary* will slip quietly out of Boston Harbor and point her nose north toward Etah and the great unknown fields of ice, snow, and possibly land which lies west and northwest of their Greenland base, just as ships have done for nearly four centuries—to make history in the Arctic. At Wiscasset, Maine, a few days later she will be joined by the *Bowdoin* for the long jaunt.

But few of the hardships of that vast, malevolent region will grip the men who accompany Captain Donald Baxter MacMillan on his latest expedition. The co-operation of the United States Government has largely taken care of that, and instead of wearying marches across seemingly endless fields of snow, high above these scenes of untold hardship, secure in the most improved type of amphibian 'plane, MacMillan and the members of his party will cover in two weeks what would have required years with dogs and sledges if, indeed, it could have been accomplished at all. In three months' time they expect to be safely back in Boston. What they will have to tell, what secrets lie locked in the million square miles of unknown territory over which the 'planes will fly, adds a thrilling chapter to the book of the Arctic.

When someone asked the gallant

Captain Mallory, just before he began his last climb up East Rongbuk Glacier in the Himalaya Mountains, what possible reason might exist for risking his life in attempting to reach the towering summit of Mount Everest, truly the "top of the world," the Englishman shrugged his shoulders and replied briefly: "It's there; it's a challenge." Mallory was beaten. Somewhere within striking distance of the top, 28,000 feet above sea level, lies his body with that of his companion, blanketed beneath the clouds which rise and fall about that lofty height. But the deaths of these two will serve as an inspiration to others, undaunted by their failure, to push on till the summit is finally reached and the story brought back to the world. Perhaps it will cost other lives, but another bit of the unknown will be claimed for scientists—another region will be charted.

For four hundred years the challenge of the geographical top of the world has fired the imagination of men like Mallory who, caught in the swell of an ideal, were content to suffer and die merely to add their mites in piecing together the map of the Arctic. From the time when Columbus, proving that the earth was round instead of flat, set the minds of men agog with the possibilities of reaching the East by sailing west, explorers have sought to cut the famous Northwest Passage across the Polar region to China and the Indies. Sometimes it was the Pole itself which the navigators sought; more often it was the Northwest Passage and the



vision of Oriental riches beyond, but since 1527, when Henry VIII fitted out the first expedition in England's name, the North has beckoned to hardy men with its icy fingers.

In Elizabeth's reign, when pride filled the breast of every Englishman, John Davis set out to find the Northwest Passage, and in 1588 discovered the strait which bears his name. He pushed the point of "farthest North" to  $72^{\circ} 12'$ , 1,128 miles from the Pole. This advantage once gained, Britain was keen to hold it and, though scores of hardy navigators, French, Dutch, German, Scandinavian, and Russian, followed Davis—with the exception of twelve years, when the flag of the Netherlands flew nearest the Pole—Britain retained an ever-advancing "farthest North."

Henry Hudson in 1607, also seeking the Northwest Passage, rounded Spitzbergen and pushed back the frontier to  $80^{\circ} 23'$ . It was Hudson who brought back accounts of the vast multitudes of whales and walrus inhabiting northern waters, and succeeding years saw hundreds of ships sent North to engage in the profitable industry thus opened up. The Dutch in particular seized on Hudson's discovery and established a summer town on Spitzbergen where stores, reducing stations, and kindred industries maintained a flourishing existence during the summer months.

In 1773, the Englishman J. C. Phipps penetrated

twenty-five miles beyond Hudson's record, and during the following century, expedition after expedition was sent by Britain in a feverish attempt to discover the illusive Northwest Passage whose existence had grown to be a certainty in men's minds. The search was

costly in lives, in ships, and in money, but all thought of defeat was cast aside in the growing rivalry of the Polar conquest. In 1819, Parry passed the 110th meridian west of Greenwich, covering half the distance between Greenland and the Bering Sea. Further advance was blocked by the relentless enemy of these explorers—the ice—which on every hand held back the progress of their craft.

Parry's observations led to revolutionizing all methods of Arctic exploration. Hitherto, attempts to reach the Pole had been conducted by boat. Parry, casting aside thoughts of the Passage, proposed to push forward to the top of the world on foot and sledge from a land base, using reindeer to draw his sledges. The start proved to be unfortunately timed. Late in June he set out with twenty-eight men, only to find that the sun had already commenced to break up the ice. He pushed North to  $82^{\circ} 45'$  and, less than five hundred miles from the Pole, was compelled to turn back because of the widening stretches of open water.

The Northwest Passage, mecca of so many dauntless men, was never successfully traversed until 1850-'55, when Richard Collinson, sent out in search of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, brought his ship safely through from the Bering Strait and back to England. It was fifty years before the Passage was made again, this time



Captain Donald B. MacMillan, who will spend this summer in a region where not a soul will tell him that it isn't the heat you feel so much as the humidity

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—the Bowdoin, one of the two vessels which will carry the MacMillan party north next week, photographed at Refuge Harbor last July





by the Norwegian, Roald Amundsen, who navigated his tiny sailing sloop *Gjoa* from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 1903-'06.

With these two successful trials, the Northwest Passage as a commercial factor in the trade between Europe and the Orient passed into oblivion. The terrible hardships, the difficulties of the tortuous channel even during the summer months when the leads made navigation possible, proved too great for its acceptance as an habitual route to the Orient's riches. Now, of course, the Panama Canal has destroyed all possible significance which the Northwest Passage might have possessed. Thus one objective of Arctic exploration was gained only to have its significance proved negligible.

The other objective, however, the North Pole, continues to hold its fascination years after Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary's discovery on April 6, 1909. Roald Amundsen and five other men started from Spitzbergen a dash for the Pole in two airplanes the middle

of May; Gunnar Algarsson, a Canadian, is searching for a blimp in which he hopes to reach the topmost point of the world. MacMillan, though he will not seek the Pole, will travel close to it during his summer's exploration in the Polar Sea.

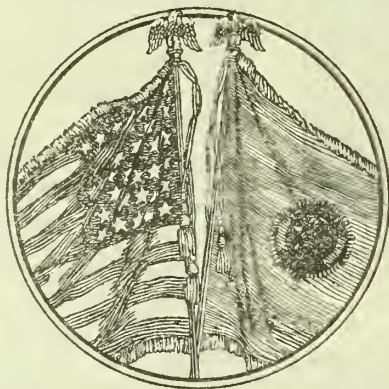
Americans entered late in the race for honors in the North. Elisha Kent Kane was the first—sent also to search for Franklin in 1853. Sixteen years later, Charles Francis Hall sailed the *Polaris* north through Kane Basin to 82° 11'. In 1881, Lieutenant A. W. Greely carried the American flag to 83° 24'. Nansen, in 1895, penetrated to 86° 12', which stood as the record for five years until Cagni reached 86° 34', to be superseded in turn by Peary six years later when he stood at 87° 6', within four degrees of the Pole. It seemed but a matter of time, then, until the American should be successful, and on April 6, 1909, more than three centuries and a half of almost constant striving were consummated when he planted the American flag on a spot

later proved to be six miles beyond and one and one quarter miles to the left of the pin point which marks the top of the world.

Peary never stood exactly upon the spot which marks the Pole, nor could any man, scientists assert, unless by fortunate chance. The American made sure of his position before undertaking his last journey to the North. "How near must I be to the Pole to claim that I have reached it?" he asked scientists. They agreed that to come within ten or fifteen miles of it was sufficient to claim its discovery—near enough so that observation in every direction would be certain to encompass the exact spot. Peary went six miles beyond, five miles to the left and to the right, then retraced his steps to the position which he thought must come nearest to the actual point.

It was in June, 1906, that Peary announced the discovery of "Crocker Land," which appeared on subsequent maps until MacMillan, after his fruit-

(Continued on page 18)



# Legionnaires:

*REAFFIRMING our allegiance to our flag and country and endorsing the present organization of the United States Army into its three component parts of the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserve, and further endorsing the National Defense Test of the Army and the Citizens Military Training Camps and the Reserve Officers Training Camps.—From resolution adopted by the St. Paul National Convention of The American Legion, September, 1924.*

**T**HE policy of The American Legion toward preparedness is fixed and settled beyond any question. The Legion is for any sound program of preparedness such as is outlined in the resolution quoted above. And the Legion is for a sound program of preparedness because it believes that to be a guard against war as well as a way to avoid helplessness if war is forced upon the country.

No man in the country has a better right to talk about peace and war than the Legionnaire. He thinks so highly of peace that he is willing to fight for it. And he knows war and its horrors so well that he would never willingly see his country enter into a war except in defense of a vital principle.

The support of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, of the National Guard and the Organized Reserve by the Legion, and its assistance to the Citizens Military Training Camps and the Reserve Officers Training Camps and the National Defense Test Day, are a matter of course. The support by each of these organizations of all of the others, as each exists only to be of service to the country, should also be a foregone conclusion.

It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of Legionnaires to such points, yet I feel it well to note especially that as this is being written the Citizens Military Training Camps of this year draw near.

An important phase of good citizenship is the making

clear to the youth of America the full extent of individual responsibility to community, state and nation. Preparation for a war into which we may be forced is an element of good citizenship. Military service in peace in the National Guard of his native State represents the ideal for the citizen in this direction. And if the young man you know who is showing an interest can spare the time, he should join the National Guard.

If he is not old enough or cannot devote the time for National Guard service, then by all means assist him in his enrollment in a Citizens Military Training Camp as the next best thing. Attendance at one of these camps will give him an understanding and an appreciation of the obligations of citizenship that he would not otherwise obtain.

These camps are going to be in full blast in July and August. The number of applications that can be received for the thirty-nine camps established throughout the United States has been limited to 50,000. Out of that number 35,000 youths will be enrolled and given this training. In some sections of the country the quota of enrollments may be completed by the time this is published.

Detailed information for the young men about the Citizens Military Training Camps is easily obtainable from the nearest Army Corps Area Headquarters and various local agencies, including probably your own Legion post, or may be had direct from the office of the Adjutant General of the Army at Washington, D. C.





Some of the principals in the movie which Utica (New York) Post engineered from start to finish, with strictly local talent and local settings. So of course the whole town came to see it. In the circle is Doris Mallory, leading lady, who was snatched away from a desk and typewriter and placed in front of a camera

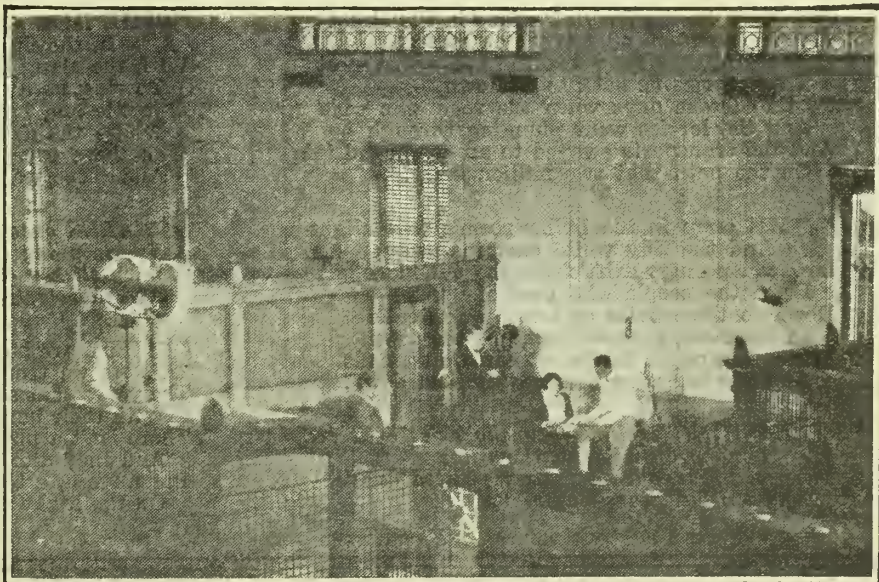
## There's Money *in the Movies*

By PALMER CUMMING

**F**IFTEEN hundred dollars from a real Broadway musical comedy, played, acted, danced, sung and staged by members of Utica (New York) Post away back in 1922, was what encouraged that outfit to take up public entertainment in a serious way. "Listen Lester" was produced direct from a Broadway manuscript with a Legion cast, and it played three days. But it was a small effort compared to 1923, when the post staged "The Rainbow Girl" with more than a professional touch, for the second show ran for five days in bad weather and left \$1,750 in clear profits in the palm of the post treasurer.

Utica Post wanted something bigger than musical comedy for 1924. How about baseball? Not some of the Married Men vs. Single Men variety, but

Nothing but the real thing would do. When the Utica Legionnaires wanted a bank scene they borrowed a local bank over the week-end





a regular professional game direct from a big diamond. Somebody went down and asked the New York Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles to come to Utica for an exhibition game under the auspices of Utica Post. And they came. So did the rain.

All through the first four innings a post treasurer was running wild with his head in the air—he was looking at the clouds. He didn't know whether he was going to hand back \$7,800 to thousands of disappointed fans and collect only \$1,800 from his rain insurance, or duck and claim both. But the rain lost. That is, it held off until the last strike of the third out of the last half of the fifth inning and then it poured—and the post had another \$3,700 in its treasury, more than "Listen Lester" and "The Rainbow Girl" had earned together.

Then somebody suggested that the post make a professional motion picture—act it, set it, and show it. So Utica Post pitched into seven months of earnest work, and the outcome was "Clothes", in four reels. Result: Gate receipts of \$3,700—and the film.

Now a movie has its own little troubles. Sometimes, for instance, when the dog was chasing the villain, and the photographer was twirling the crank, and supers were waiting breathless on the side lines, all agreeing that it was a heart-stirring, blood-thrilling chase—well, the dog, who was good-natured, would get ahead of the villain and the set had to be filmed all over again.

Moving the big leaguers to an exhibition game in Utica was nothing compared to walking into the Citizens' Trust of Utica and explaining that Utica Post wanted to borrow the bank. And they did. They borrowed it from Saturday noon until the following Monday morning. They put in platforms, their own wiring and special lights. And they shot it up—at least to the extent of a few scenes.

Then there was the hero. He had a job and everything. Getting that boss of his to spare him so he could flirt with a pretty girl and drive around town in the finest car that could be borrowed was some job, but the hero left his work, with the sanction of his employer, and did his bit—not for a day but for weeks.

And the heroine—well, she *was* a problem, because she couldn't be found. Imagine afternoon details of Legionnaires scouring a town of 100,000, hanging out on street corners, doing nothing else but looking them over, and then coming back to the director general with the news that they hadn't got quite the right one yet. Imagine telephone tips, five, six, seven times a day, "I think I've got her!"—only to have it prove that the would-be star was just a little too short, or thick, or thin, or dark, or light, or frail, or flapperish, or dignified, or—but why go on?

THEN, after seven weeks, the Girl! The long-looked-for star, who didn't know a thing about it. Art Cunningham—he was the director general—was breathless as he pointed her out to a cashier and called her out of the bank where she was a secretary.

Would she try for a screen test? Would she?

So, after Art saw her, she went straight out and had her hair bobbed! And after that she wouldn't do at all.

Weeks of waiting and disappointment dragged by. Here was a movie already written, hundreds of scenes already made, a whole town talking Legion movie—and not a heroine in sight. But leave it to Utica. It waited. It is related that while Samson slept a woman clipped his hair, but in Utica the story was reversed, for while this lady slept and dreamed of vanished opportunities, her hair grew out again! Art Cunningham made another film test. It worked.

Cunningham is a commercial photographer, a live member of the post on the one hand and a live movie director on the other, for he has made a business of making movies for advertisers—manufacturing plants, instructions for running washing machines, how to plant cucumbers, why buttercups grow, and how to sell shoes from the raw cow to the finished calf. As the main guy to play the hub around which the Utica Post movie was to revolve, Art Cunningham was a wonder. He wrote the script, he selected the cast, screen-tested them, rejected hundreds of applicants, trained the accepted few, staged the scenes and sets, whirled the crank, wrote the continuity, clipped, re-clipped, edited, re-edited, pasted film—and fortunately for the post, he knew how.

When he had finished he had a real film. The crowds poured in at the doorway, the shekels dropped into the treasury, and seven months after the inception of the idea, on that great day of success, while reels one and two were actually being shown in the theatre, Art Cunningham was still filming inserts for last-minute development and insertion in reels three and four. And it went over big, and good, to the tune of real money. A publicity committee had fanned Utica interest to the flaming point. Every human interest story that could be caught in connection with that film had been featured in local papers for the full seven months. The newspapers carried from a half to a full column of news a day. The leading lady's picture appeared in the Sunday society columns. She even got into the New York papers, and this resulted in an offer from an Eastern syndicate.

Now, it's easy enough to tell the story, easy to pick up the little threads of color, such as the fact that one of the city judges who took an important part in the cast was threatened with

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## FLASHES

By STEUART M. EMERY

IT MAY be the flash of a face in the street  
Or the crash of a truck on stone  
Or a ship that slips where the tall waves meet  
That carries us back to our own,—  
To thunderous days when the road was wide  
And the lorries went plunging through  
And the transports swayed to an eastbound tide  
On the path that two million knew.

THE lamp in the living room's well alight  
And the tidy white curtains sway;  
Low whisperings drift from the outside night  
From the people who pass our way—  
Down to the movies or tripping on calls  
In the tame, grooved round of the town,  
Where the paper rattles of banks and balls  
And the bargains in shoes marked down.

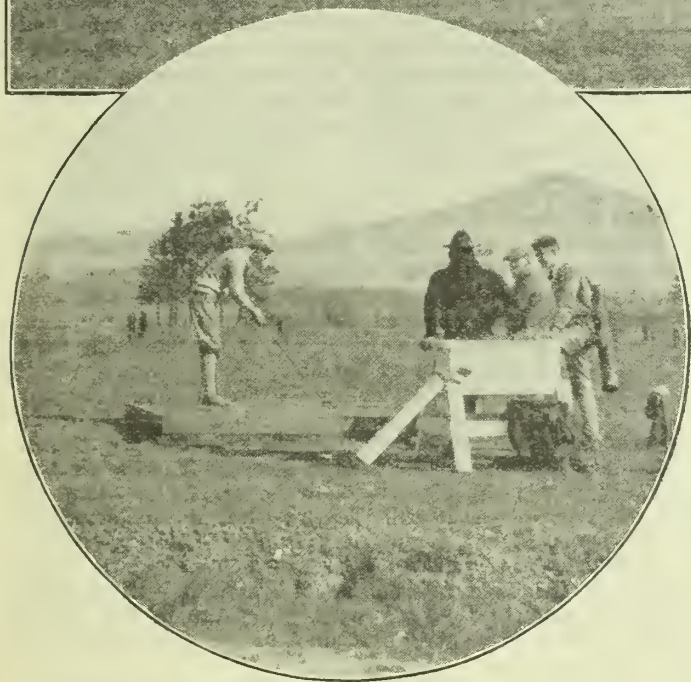
CRASHING nights when the skies split red,  
Long gray miles in the rain;  
The word *Marne* leaps from a printed page  
And the old years live again.

THE lanes of the city are loud with life  
In the flurry and sweep of noon,  
With the clang of trolleys and whistles' strife  
To sing us a punctual tune.  
A hustle and humming that has no halt  
Where the dollars are sowed and grown,  
Was there ever a time we smelled the salt  
And there wasn't a desk and phone?

GALES on a gun deck bucking wild,  
Shipping it green and raw;  
A navy slicker comes down the street  
And the North Sea rolls once more.

THEY are buried deep in the day's drab grind  
As we trundle our jobs along,  
The years that an Armistice left behind  
With their burden of sweat and song.  
There isn't a place for them here—they're through—  
And they dim as the months advance,  
But a word, a touch, and they flame anew  
On the highway that led to France.





## *A Post that Kept Its Eye on the Ball*

By ORTON W. WOOD

The mountain ornamenting the background of Medford (Oregon) Post's golf course is Roxy Ann Peak, and the peak is useful as well as ornamental. After a long drive, a Medford golfer gets a sight on a knob or a tree or a bare place on the mountain side to guide him in following up the ball and finding it. The photographs show a foursome on the first green and at the first tee

**A**N American Legion post golf course in a town of 5,000? That's a good one, all right. Doubtless after laying it out they paved the streets of their town with gold and put in drinking fountains that gushed champagne instead of water. Golf? Why, that's a rich man's game—the side-show of a country club. Imagine the boys who got calloused backs from full packs and rifles not so long ago tra-la-hing now with a bag of clubs over manicured lawns. Imagine the boys who used to

Houdini the rest of the outfit with the doughboys' dominoes on pay-day turning now to any milder athletics with a pill that hasn't any corners on it. No, buddy, it doesn't seem right. Golf à la country club—sure! But golf à la Legion! When and where?

Well, Medford Post of The American Legion is playing golf on its own course in its home town of Medford, Oregon. It has been playing it for some time, and it has found it so good that it has let its whole town in on the sport. Today, thanks to Medford Post, its town of 5,000 persons in southern Oregon, a few jack rabbit hops from the California line, has a nine-hole golf course which is as good as you're apt to find at any thousand-dollar-an-hour country club in the millionaire playground belt and as good as the municipal courses which now ornament the fringes of most large cities.

Medford Post's golf course lies along the Pacific Highway, the busy route along which motor cars hum from Los Angeles and San Francisco up toward

Seattle, and so the golf course is, in a way, a sign of civic progress hung out by the Legion for the rest of the world to see.

Nobody walked out of Medford and waved a magic spade to create the municipal golf course. No, the golf course did not turn a fairway or sprout a green for many months after the first bright idea occurred to the Legionnaires of Medford. It was born only after a lot of talking and a lot of planning and a lot of discussions of ways to make money to pay for it, but it was finally born when the Legionnaires of Medford staked out a site and then proceeded to do the downright hard work which must be done to subdue a chain of little hills to make them golfable.

At the outset the Legion found that its ambition was many laps ahead of its treasury. The big idea dawned the day the post was offered the privilege of buying an estate of thirty-seven acres and a small adjoining ranch, the whole comprising an ideal site for a

(Continued on page 18)



# EDITORIAL

*FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.*—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## Taps

DEATH within recent weeks has claimed a military chieftain from each of the three largest members of the Allies. Doubtless best known among them was Field Marshal French, Earl of Ypres, who at sixty-one became leader of the famous "contemptibles" who bore the brunt of the terrible and necessary retreat from Mons in the opening days of the World War. A handful against a host, they had no alternative but to fall back, inflicting such damage and delays as they could. Two months later, still vastly outnumbered by the Germans, Field Marshal French won a decisive victory at Ypres, halting the German rush to the Channel ports, with the result that the battle line solidified into two parallels of trenches stretching from the North Sea to Switzerland.

Force of circumstances made Field Marshal French a defensive strategist. Fate was kinder to General Joseph Mangin of France, whose death comes more strongly home to the A. E. F. veteran than does that of the Earl of Ypres. Mangin was known to his men as "le Boucher"—the Butcher—but the term carried something like affection. Mangin's creed was to attack. The poilu who found his outfit with Mangin knew that something was going to happen. The First and Second American Divisions, as part of Mangin's Tenth Army, found the Butcher living up to his reputation in the Soissons attack of July 18, 1918, which cut the Soissons-Château-Thierry road and made the German retreat from the Marne inevitable. The Thirty-Second American Division formed at Juvigny the spearpoint of Mangin's thrust north of the Aisne at the end of August, one of the neatest and most successful minor operations of the war. Speaking before the American Club in Paris last year, General Mangin disclosed that for the offensive of November 14th against Metz six American divisions were to have been on his left to support the action. "Unfortunately," he added characteristically, "this battle never took place."

The death of Major General Harry Hill Bandholtz, U. S. A., removed a capable soldier whose service to his country covered a period of nearly forty years. A graduate of West Point with the class of 1890, he might well have looked into the future and seen therein no likely opportunity for the active exercise of the military art which he had studied for the previous four years. The Spanish-American and World Wars, however, took him as far afield as Cuba, the Philippines, France and Hungary—he visited the latter country in 1919 as American representative on the Inter-allied Military Mission. He served as chief of staff of the 27th Division and later commanded the 58th Infantry Brigade of the 29th Division. On September 27, 1918, he became Provost Marshal General of the A. E. F., and continued in that office during the trying post-Armistice period. He was a member of The American Legion and of the United Spanish War Veterans, having served as commander-in-chief of the latter organization.

## The Fourteenth of June

THERE are those who believe the idea of war will be hard to kill because, however terrible and mechanical and impersonal wars may become, what with bomb-laden airplanes piloted by wireless and death rays conveying silent annihilation, it will still be impossible to destroy utterly

the romantic element. Some spiritual descendant of Richard Coeur de Lion, some many-times-great-grandson of the Chevalier Bayard, will fare forth to harry the wireless-directed bomber; some rifle-toting doughboy (when will war ever be so calculated and scientific that it can be fought without infantry?) will crawl in the dark of the moon to the lair of the death-ray and come to grips with the engineer, perhaps bringing him home in triumph.

The World War itself only went part of the way toward eliminating the element of romance. Death rained from the skies, and men on both sides died from missiles sent from guns a score of miles away, and death can hardly come more impersonally than that. But when the barrage had rolled ahead there was a flesh-and-blood enemy to come to grips with. Every major offensive was only a thousand skirmishes directed to one end; individual fighters could and did lead forlorn hopes, save precious positions, gain essential ground in desperate flashes of courage.

But it was a war without drums and it was a war without flags. There were, of course, flags and drums in France, but their place was at least as far back as the rear echelon of regimental headquarters when the business of battle was to be done. The man from Mars visiting earth from 1861 to 1865 and again in 1917 and 1918 could return home and tell his fellow-citizens that typhoid no longer ravaged terrestrial armies, that artillery had become the great weapon in the armory of humanity, that men in later days battled above the clouds in another sense than they had used the phrase at Lookout Mountain. Doubtless he would note all these things, for the Martians are notoriously far ahead of us in every phase of science and mechanics. "But," he would be likely to add, "in this second war they did not take their flags into battle." From the Western Front came no stories of the colors advancing proudly against the enemy, of color-bearers—most conspicuous of targets—dropping mortally wounded while comrades sprang to them to keep the precious standards in air, of the flag being fixed in triumph in the captured redoubt.

The flag has been demobilized. But to compensate for this, the flag has come to mean infinitely more to us in peace. It is the emblem of more than martial prowess, of bloodless victories no less than of bloody. It is the emblem of Gorgas's victory over yellow fever no less than of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, of Goethals's achievement at Panama, of the genius of Fulton, Bell, Edison, Peary and Wright, of a standard of living which is nowhere else so high, of broad educational opportunity, and of elements more fundamental yet—freedom of speech, a free press, and freedom to worship according to the dictates of individual conscience.

All these are symbolized by the flag. Let them have a place in our hearts this Flag Day of 1925.

♦ ♦ ♦

Automobilists, it is estimated, will spend \$3,500,000,000 on tours this summer. And that much more, almost, on detours.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fable: Once upon a time there was a World War veteran who took his girl to a restaurant and didn't make two lumps of sugar into dice with a pencil and show her how he won beaucoup francs.

♦ ♦ ♦

Many hopeful predictions are being made that the two-cent postage ruling on souvenir postcards will materially decrease the percentage of friends who are having a good time and wish you were there.

♦ ♦ ♦

For not being a minute late for fifty years, Thomas Coreoran, of Warrington, England, was given a gold watch by his employers recently.—*News Item.*

Which, under the circumstances, was about the last thing Thomas had any use for.



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

No man knows how homely he is until he sees himself in a passport photograph taken at the Battery in New York. It would incline him to immediate suicide if he had not already paid his passage money.

### **Tips Will Pay It**

The passport photograph always makes you look like a crook or a congenital idiot. Crooks must be watched. Fools are easily parted from their money. Thus you combine the two principles of the passport system which flourishes seven years after the war and which existed only in Russia and Turkey before the war.

At home we think of ourselves as the richest nation in the world, while personally each of us is sure that he has not his share of the wealth. Europe thinks that every individual American has not only his share but so much more than his share that he ought to be relieved of some of it to keep our bank vaults at home from being overburdened.

It is not a question of whom you are to tip but if there is anybody whom you ought not to tip. "Is there anything that you did for me?" I asked one of the flanking party at the door as I was leaving an hotel. "I told that fellow to bring down your bag and that other fellow to put it on the bus," was the answer. I have the idea that it will be eventually the American traveler who will pay reparations with his tips.

Hotheaded secret patriotic organizations may start trouble on the Silesian frontier at any time. But Germany does not want this, now. For Poland has a big army fully armed while Germany has only her Reichswehr without aircraft or artillery. She cannot arm while she is watched by the Allied Control Commissioners. But, by the Treaty, their place is to be taken next June by inspectors from the League of Nations. What then? Will Germany still be kept from arming? If she is able to arm it will be in the thought of righting what every German considers the wrong of Dantzig and Silesia. And there you have the kind of festering bitterness which breeds war.

### **Hotheads May Start It**

My pass now looks like a long used hotel blotter. The war may be said to be still continuing in rubber-stamp barrages at the frontiers. My record so far is in having to show my passport six times in getting into Dantzig. This means that the railroad train I was on passed the Polish-Dantzig frontier six times in an hour and a half from the junction at Marienburg in the Polish corridor to the station in Dantzig city.

When the Treaty of Versailles established Poland as a nation it gave Poland access to the Baltic Sea at Dantzig through a corridor that cut Eastern Prussia in two. Dantzig's population being preponderantly German, it was made a Free City. So it is practically a German island in the Polish corridor, while the far corner of Eastern Prussia—the only part of Germany which was actually invaded during the war, and by freeing which Hindenburg achieved his great popularity—is another island on the other side of the corridor.

The League of Nations Commissioner in Dantzig finds

himself in the position of a baseball umpire interpreting a new set of rules between the Poles and the very Prussian Dantzigers. There is racial bickering over the smallest points. Every decision which seems to favor one side is protested by the other.

When the Poles wanted their own postboxes in Dantzig they stealthily put them up over night. The Commissioner decided that this was against the Treaty. Poland appealed. So the case has gone to the World Court, while Polish eyes gleam and German eyes glitter at the sight of the Polish boxes. Meanwhile the Dantzigers wait their time. One day they mean to be a part of Germany again, and that all the corridor will be German again. The Poles say that this can happen only over their dead bodies.

Dantzig is not the only sore spot on the Polish-German frontier. The other is Silesia. I journeyed to Silesia, too, in order to get the situation firsthand.

### **Where War May Come**

This time I had to show my passport only once, as I went straight across the frontier. If I had followed one winding highway I am told that I should have had to show it eighteen times.

These all too numerous control stations provide employment to a lot of uniformed rubber-stamp experts. There are more Polish than German frontier officials. The Poles say that the reason of this is that the Germans will bear watching, and the Germans say that there is nothing in Poland that anyone would want to smuggle into Germany.

After the Ruhr, Silesia was Germany's second great coal and steel producing area. By a plebiscite under the League of Nations, in which the people voted for nationality, it was cut in two. Thus the area lost its economic unity. Draw a line through the Pittsburgh area if you want a comparison.

The German proprietors of the disputed region say that Polish inefficiency will lead to the ruin of the plants on the Polish side. The Poles say that they will show that they can govern as well and run the plants as well as the Germans, and that Poland must have this area as her very economic life-blood.

When Europe talks of a new security pact between France, Germany and England as a guaranty of peace, Germany is willing to sign up for the Alsace-Lorraine frontier but not for the Dantzig-Silesian frontier. Poland will agree to no change. There you have the crux of the present European situation.

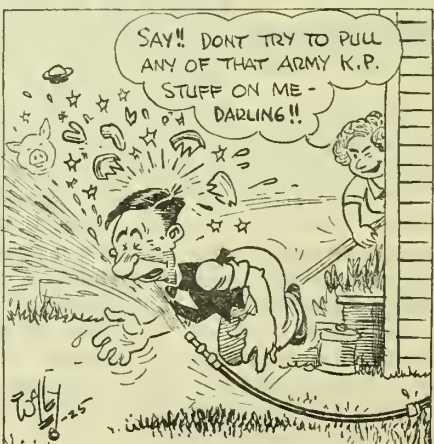
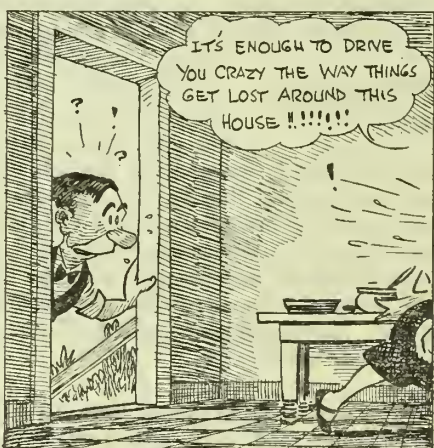
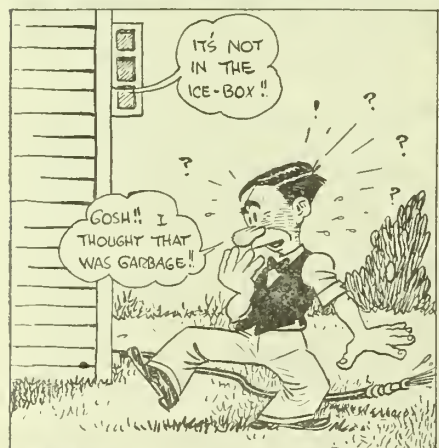
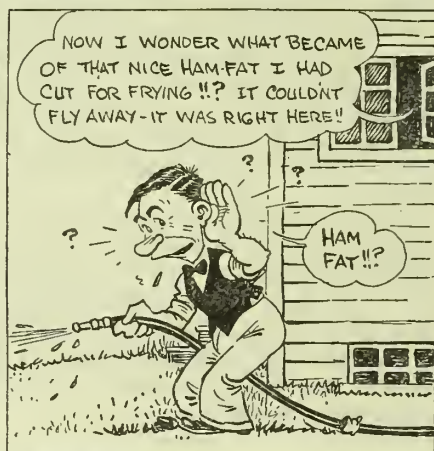
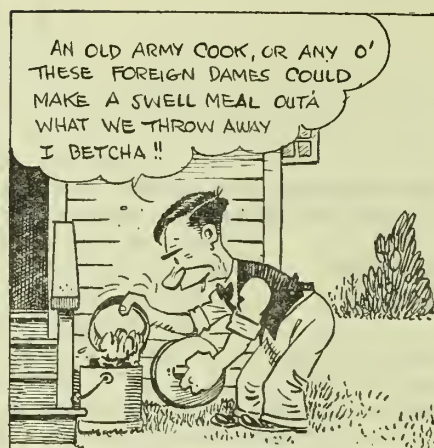
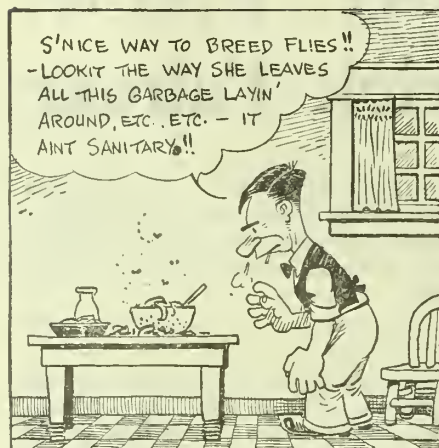
Think of only two sleepers daily between New York and Chicago! There are only two daily on the through express from Poland to Paris by way of Berlin. That tells the story of how far we are yet from that United States of Europe bound together by something like the frequent communications we have in the United States. United Statesizing Europe will take a long time yet. The advantage of being on the through Warsaw-Paris express is that the porter takes your passport at night and he does the rest while you sleep, giving the passport back to you in the morning.

### **An American Comparison**



# The Man of the House

By Wallgren





**W**HO won the war? Every Legionnaire knows and tells 'em. But without a G. H. Q. there would be nothing to tell. The American Legion Endowment Fund provides for the G. H. Q. in our fight for our suffering comrades and their children. That war is still on. We must provide the sinews—money for the Endowment Fund.

GEORGE DOBSON,  
Chef de Chemin de Fer,  
La Société des Quarante  
Hommes et Huit Chevaux.

## There's Money in the Movies

(Continued from page 8)

an offer for big time and felt like giving up the bench for the screen. It is easy to say that the heroine stood all the publicity and the notoriety and went back to work in the bank without so much as a whirl of her pretty head, and that the dog still trots ahead of the villain, because he's the villain's own dog; nice to pull the line about borrowing a bank for the week-end, or inducing a prominent millionaire to turn over the extensive grounds of his summer estate for some of the love scenes, and it is no less interesting that the New York State Censor patted the whole Legion on the back when he said that the Utica movie was just about as good as any he ever saw and that they could quote him as saying so—it's easy enough to scrape up a book of such color around the movie that Utica Post actually produced and showed at a profit, but there is something deeper than the scratch that Utica Post made on the silver screen—it's the taste of prosperity that they are carrying into the future, the tingle of success that comes when you know you've done something big in a big way, and that you've done it right and at a profit.

So when Utica heard about Utica's own movie, it was ready to patronize the crowd that had given it "Listen Lester," "The Rainbow Girl" and the big league game. All Utica was interested. Scenes had been shot on the main streets and the town had been at the disposal of the camera man. Now for the picture.

And when "Clothes" (the old story that clothes do and don't make the man, especially when he's somewhat slack about going to a little thing like a war) when "Clothes" shot its first silver gleam of photographic color on a Utica screen, there was a real thrill, a deserved and waiting thrill, a drawing of breaths and a counting of heart beats, for there in reality were the old home town, the local talent and the professional touch, and the genuine up-to-the minute title:

CLOTHES

PRESENTED BY UTICA POST NO. 229  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

## FASHION PLAYS QUEER PRANKS



What a difference a few years make in fashions! It would take a constitutional amendment to make us adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted.

If the purpose back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and skirts that left no room for doubt was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since women have gone in for knickies and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

The horror of such a requirement becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

## COLGATE'S for better shaving

Today the middle-aged man looks young because he shaves every morning. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes it easy. The close, moist lather goes to the base of the beard and softens it instantly where the razor's work is done, leaving the face soothed and velvety.

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# Three Out of Four Have Theirs

By HARRY J. QUIGLEY



We make Champions the very best we can. They will render better service for a much longer time. That is why they are outselling throughout the world.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed sillimanite core with the semi-petticoat tip, its special analysis electrodes and its gas-tight two-piece construction.

To get the best service from your car you should change spark plugs at least once a year—even Champions.

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of Canada, Limited  
Windsor, Ontario

## CHAMPION

*Dependable for Every Engine*

*Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.*



Part of the force of the Adjusted Compensation Division of the Veterans Bureau, which has completed the paper work necessary to the delivery of three-fourths of the number of certificates which the Bureau will deliver if every man eligible to compensation applies for it

**T**HREE out of every four World War veterans and dependents of deceased veterans who are eligible to Federal Adjusted Compensation have filed their applications for the certificate. Nearly two-thirds of the total number of eligibles have actually received their certificates, or, in the case of dependents and veterans of short service, their payments in cash. Additional certificates are being delivered to their owners at the rate of 18,000 a day. These certificates are nothing more or less than paid-up twenty-year endowment insurance policies. The face value of policies varies with the length of service of the veteran. The average policy is for about \$1,040.

This is how the "bonus" situation stands nine and a half months after the Government began the administration of the law, the enactment of which The American Legion obtained a year ago after a four-year legislative struggle. The present law was passed over the President's veto on May 19, 1924. Application blanks were distributed late in July.

The figures in the case, as of May 11th last, are:

Number of applications received in Washington at headquarters of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, 3,201,000 out of an estimated 4,500,000 eligibles of all kinds. This estimate is probably high.

Applications checked and certified as correct by the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and transmitted to the Veterans Bureau for payment, 2,800,000.

Applications acted upon by the Veterans Bureau, certificates being mailed to those entitled to them, and cash payments made in the proper cases, 2,724,000.

These numerals tell the story of how eagerly the veterans are seeking their "bonus" and how expeditiously the Government is acting on their applications. The showing is creditable in both instances. The fact that seventy-five percent of a liberally estimated 4,500,000 veterans and dependents should have applied two and a half years before the time limit expires is proof that the "insurance bonus" is as eagerly sought as the most enthusiastic proponents of



that form of compensation said would be the case. Incidentally, the Legion did not favor restricting compensation to insurance. It advocated a four-option bill, but the legislative situation last year was such that it had to take insurance or lose another round in the long fight. It accepted the insurance plan, and the endorsement that plan has received from applicants has been a surprise to many observers.

The time limit on applications is January 1, 1928, though there has been some talk of clipping off a year or eighteen months of this to save the expense of keeping the application offices open for that period. It is reasoned that the 1,300,000 eligibles who have not yet applied can find fifteen minutes apiece in which to do so sometime within the next year, without waiting until New Year's Day of 1928. It is also urged that as a dollars-and-cents proposition the individual veteran will be better off if he applies sooner; which is the truth. But be that as it may, all of the 4,500,000 eligibles will never apply. If one can judge by the proportion of veterans not applying for state bonuses, it would be safe to say that ten percent, or 450,000 of them, will never apply—mostly because they are financially situated so that they do not need \$1,000 of Uncle Sam's money.

By this reckoning the number of eligibles who will still apply for their adjusted compensation is reduced to about 850,000. This estimate may be, and probably is, faulty, but it is somewhere near right. On the face of it, however, it shows that four-fifths of those who are going to put in for their bonuses already have done so—a remarkable showing for nine and a half months.

Often as the contrary story has been told it is likely that most of this 850,000—or call it a million—laggards have failed to present their applications because they feel that their bonus will be as good two and a half years from now as it will tomorrow. But—a man's insurance certificate begins to work for him when he applies for it, and not before. And most important of all, if a man should die before he gets his application in, his family will lose several hundred dollars in cash.

Of the 3,200,000 veterans who have applied for their insurance policies forty are dying every day. The beneficiaries named in their applications are receiving every day in lump sum cash the face values of the policies those men held. The average amount of policies thus paid is \$1,046 each. The total paid out is nearly \$3,000,000. In case these veterans had not been foresighted or fortunate enough to have filed their applications before they died, their heirs would have received about \$418 apiece—not in a lump sum, but in ten installments three months apart.

If the 850,000 or million who intend to put in applications but have neglected it thus far are no more immune from the hand of death than the 3,200,000 who have applied, there is a tidy sum being lost every day to those who are left behind.

Adjusted compensation applications are obtainable from any Legion post or any post office, or will be forwarded, on application to the headquarters of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps in Washington.



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Now Insuring Nearly Two Billion  
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**"However well ye be Garbed Shabby Shoes shall make of you a beggar"**

Shabby shoes are as a mill-stone around one's neck. Shabby shoes never travel the road to success.

You've got to look the part as well as act it—and you can't put yourself over—if your shoes are shabby.

A few seconds a day—and your shoes will not only look better but last longer as well, for "2-in-1" Polishes and Preserves.

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Buffalo, N. Y.



# The Man Who Wasn't Ready to Die

By FRANK F. MILES



John E. Waller knows considerable about gas and electricity. The gas was the wartime kind, and he got such a dose of it that the doctors saw no chance for him. All he has to watch out for now is high-tension wires

**I**N the thick of the Meuse-Argonne was the Tenth Field Artillery, Third Division—it was the night of October 26, 1918.

Twenty-one-year-old, square-jawed John E. Waller, of the Tenth, was already a veteran campaigner. He had been in the punitive expedition in Mexico, at Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel. His comrades say a cooler man under fire never lived; grim determination was his greatest characteristic, and he was fighting not only because he was naturally a sterling soldier but because he had joined the Army realizing war with Germany was inevitable and believing it would be a just war.

Soon after dark on October 26th, the nose clip on Waller's gas mask slipped. He tried to adjust it, but in the darkness and confusion it was a difficult task, and he was too busy anyhow to pay much attention to it. The Boche sent over huge clouds of gas during the night. Waller knew it was getting some of his comrades but, for what he says are unaccountable reasons and his buddies say was his sheer doggedness, he did not feel it was affecting him.

He stayed at his post until morning; then, while gulping a can of hot coffee, he began to experience some pain in his throat and lungs. Perhaps a little gas had seared him, he thought, but what of it? He wouldn't complain until he had to. The pain intensified that night, and the next day he suf-

fered still more. His coughing and drawn expression caused his comrades to urge him to seek medical aid, but he grimly shook his head and stoutly denied he was suffering when one of his officers suggested he accept relief.

On October 30th—four days later—he suddenly collapsed. For five days afterward, physicians said there was no chance for him to recover. But he hung on to the slender thread of life, took a brace and landed at a base hospital, November 9th. There he got steadily worse and suffered excruciating agony with characteristic grimness.

"Every day for several weeks," he smiles, "the medicos consigned me to the departed and seemed almost disappointed because I persisted in living, thereby showing them to be poor judges of my condition. I just didn't want to die, that's all. I wasn't ready, but there were times when I felt it would be mighty soothing if I could just go to sleep and not wake up."

Early in 1919 he began slowly to regain strength. He reached the hospital at Camp Dodge, Iowa, in March and was discharged April 15, 1919, wondering what he would do next, but not much worried, for he worries only that he may not do a task before him as it should be done.

Waller was born near Des Moines, Iowa, where he enlisted in the Sixth Field Artillery of the Regular Army in August, 1916. He was made a sergeant in the Tenth when that outfit

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What every young man and Every young woman should know  
What every young husband and Every young wife should know  
What every parent should know

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went overseas. He had quit school when he was in the seventh grade and had seen considerable of the world, working as a machinist's helper and at various other jobs.

After he was discharged from the Army, Waller rested as much as his restless nature would permit, until fall. Then he started taking a vocational training course in electrical engineering at Iowa State College at Ames, which he pursued three years and two months. He learned much more rapidly than most men, despite considerable illness from the gas. Upon leaving school, he was with an electrical engineering firm a short time before going to the Des Moines Electric Company, where he has been ever since.

His present position is just the kind he wants and needs, for he must be out of doors a good deal of the time. He is now an engineer in charge of underground distribution and sometimes is in supervision of as many as sixty-five men. Many jobless World War veterans go to Waller looking for work, for he is a real comrade, and a number now thank him for their start. He always tries to give service men preference in choosing company employees for his department, and it is to the everlasting credit of the Des Moines Electric Company that they thoroughly approve of that policy.

Waller's employers cannot praise him too highly, and he is an ardent booster for the company and The American Legion. He is one of the most prominent members of the Des Moines Ex-Service Men's Club, which is organized on the Rotary idea, and is a quiet, unassuming though dynamic, substantial citizen, who commands the respect and enjoys the friendship of a multitude of friends.

Waller is married and the father of two children, a boy and a girl, and is buying his own home.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

BTRY. F. 113TH F. A. (30th Div.)—Reunion at Mooresville, N. C., June 25. Address E. D. Fink, Box 177, Mooresville.

301ST ENG.—Reunion June 27, at Providence, R. I. Address Henry G. Marsh, P. O. Box 626, Providence.

126TH INF. (32nd Div.)—Reunion at Kalamazoo, Mich., July 3-5. Address John P. DeBoer, 661 Lake St., Kalamazoo.

Co. M, 140TH INF.—Reunion and homecoming at Poplar Bluff, Mo., July 4, under auspices of Brown-Mabry Post, American Legion. Address Evert A. Charlton, Duncan Bldg., Poplar Bluff.

51ST PIONEER INF.—Members interested in going to France, July 15-26, communicate with David H. Walsh, 119 State St., Albany, N. Y.

309TH ENG.—Second annual reunion at Columbus, O., Aug. 21-22. Address Fred Salvatore, 77 E. Russell St., Columbus.

26TH INF. (1st Div.)—Former members living in Mississippi interested in forming state branch of Society of the First Division, address Bruce A. Humphries, Long-Bell Co., Quitman, Miss.

91ST DIV.—Reunion at Portland, Ore., Sept. 25-27. Address Harry B. Critchlow, 918 Northwestern Nat'l Bank Bldg., Portland.

PAYNE FIELD AIRMEN—Men who were in Air Service at Payne Field, West Point, Miss., interested in reunion at Legion National Convention at Omaha, Oct. 5-9, address Roy C. Smith, 1726 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Co. M, 357TH INF. (90th Div.)—Reunion at Oklahoma City, Okla., during September. Address Jewel Fullerton, 2119 W. 21st St., Oklahoma City.

81ST Co. (Co. D) 6TH M. G. Co., (U. S. M. C.)—Former members of this 4th Brigade, 2d Division outfit, send addresses to Edward C. Bass, 231 So. LaSalle St., Room 2007, Chicago, Ill.



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## A Post that Kept Its Eye on the Ball

(Continued from page 9)

clubhouse and golf links. There is only one reason the post didn't jump at this chance. It didn't have the money. Sadly, it abandoned its dream of glory which was too badly entangled with non-existent dollars to be realizable. But it kept on dreaming. And it kept on looking.

Other attractive sites were offered, but every time the discussion got around to dollars the post had to back up. The golf players in the post merely sharpened their vision, however. Meanwhile, the golf course plan became the stock joke for post meetings. Whenever a meeting started getting dull, someone shifted the talk to golf and everybody had a fine time handing wise cracks to the visionaries of the "greens committee."

Then one day all jokes were off. As is often the case, the Legionnaires had been so busy trying to figure out magic ways to annex fantastically-priced wholesale assortments of real estate that they had failed to see a fine potential golf course right in the town's front yard. There it was, the Jackson County fair grounds, with long stretches of unobstructed meadowland, with rolling hills rising in places from the valley floor, with just enough natural hazards to make a good start. Nature had been the architect of a course which would only require some expert development to whip it speedily into shape for play.

The post was lucky to have an important ally at the outset. H. Chandler Egan, of Medford, had been amateur national golf champion back in 1904 and 1905. His advice was a tremendous help.

The post went ahead bravely, despite the fact it had little money. It spent \$200 in the first work, appropriating the money from the post treasury, to

be repaid from receipts of yearly golf club memberships at \$10 each. At first the post figured most of the work could be done by Legionnaire volunteers in their spare time. But this plan didn't produce results. It was hard to get together sizable working details for the kind of continuous work that was needed. When it came to actual pick and shovel work, the task loomed more and more formidably, and it soon became apparent that the Legion post would have a tough time presenting a fully-made course to its town unless the rest of the town should help in the work.

As the course grew, little by little, the municipal golf idea captured the imagination of everybody. So, when Medford Post proposed that the whole town should pool its energy to do up the job quickly and thoroughly, there was only applause.

Everybody turned out on the work day. The mayor issued a proclamation. Clubs, lodges and church societies sent big delegations with working tools. The city loaned trucks and men to drive them. A road contractor supplied tractors and scrapers. Sixty boys from the Medford High School did the hardest work of their young lives with spades and picks and shovels. Naturally every Legionnaire was on the job, or, if he wasn't, everybody knew a good reason why.

Medford Post now is getting ready to add another nine holes to its course. It's a trifle crowded now on weekends and holidays, and more and more men and women of surrounding towns are driving to Medford to get in a morning or afternoon of golf. The grounds are open to anyone for a nominal greens fee. And the golf course beside the Pacific Highway is an invitation to hundreds of tourists to stop off at Medford for at least a few hours.

## It's There; It's a Challenge

(Continued from page 6)

less search in 1914, reluctantly removed it. In his book, "Nearest the Pole," Peary announces his discovery thus:

"North stretched the well-known ragged surface of the polar pack, and northwest it was with a thrill that my glasses revealed the faint white summits of a distant land which my Eskimos claimed to have seen as we came along from the last camp."

Peary sighted the land from Cape Colgate and announced it as lying 120 miles northwest of Cape Thomas Hubbard. A few days later, from the summit of Cape Columbia, he confirmed his discovery.

In 1913, MacMillan led the famous "Crocker Land Expedition," whose main object was to reach, explore, and map the shores of this land which Peary sighted. Early the following year the party left winter quarters at Etah, on the western shore of Greenland, for the dash to Cape Thomas Hubbard and the Polar Sea. Late in April, after a tortuous journey over the ice of the Polar Sea, MacMillan found that his reckonings placed him 150 miles due northwest of Cape Thomas Hubbard. In other words, if

Crocker Land existed, then they were already thirty miles inland!

The chagrin and disappointment of the party was beyond imagining. The primary objective of their expedition had been attained only to be proved non-existent. The day previous to their abandonment of further penetration on the Polar Sea ice, one of the members of the party had summoned MacMillan to the highest ice mound in the vicinity. "We have it!" he shouted, and MacMillan writes: "There could be no doubt about it. Hills, valleys, snow-capped peaks extending through at least one hundred and twenty degrees of the horizon. . . . As we proceeded the landscape gradually changed its appearance and varied in extent with the swinging around of the sun; finally at night it disappeared altogether."

"Crocker Land" proved to be just such a mirage as that which startled MacMillan's party. "If Peary did see land due northwest of Cape Thomas Hubbard, then we had moved it at least 200 miles from shore," comments MacMillan, and adds that for land to be visible at a distance of 200 miles from where Peary stood, it must have

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reached an altitude of more than 30,000 feet.

But a study of the ice and the currents which border the vast area of a million square miles lying between Alaska and the Pole, encompassing in its sweep the mythical Crocker Land, admits the distinct possibility that land exists in this region never disturbed by the foot of man. If it is there, MacMillan will find it.

Although Captain Amundsen is making his dash for the Pole by airplane, Captain MacMillan is the first to use this method of travel for extensive exploration work. When Amundsen set out from Spitzbergen last month with five companions in two 'planes they planned a quick dash for the Pole, with not more than a week at the top of the world for collecting scientific data. They took a very small supply of gasoline with them and only enough food to sustain them for thirty days, should it be necessary for them to trek back to the nearest base, some five hundred miles away.

The equipment for MacMillan's expedition is furnished by the United States Government, which has also loaned him seven pilots and mechanics from the Navy to fly his craft, consists of three Loening amphibian 'planes, the first of a fleet of ten ordered by the Army and released by General Mason M. Patrick for use by the Navy in the polar expedition. The 'planes differ from most amphibians in that the retractable gear for landing on the ground is operated by pushing a button which raises or lowers the wheels. MacMillan expects, however, that most of the landings during the actual work of exploration, will be made in the "leads" of open water in the Polar Sea. The timing of the flights for the month of August bears this consideration in mind. MacMillan has been on the Polar Sea as late as June and states that the leads at that time are not wide enough

to make landings safe on the water. But by August, he feels, the summer sun will have melted the ice sufficiently to make the 'planes serviceable.

Thus, the MacMillan party will almost entirely reverse the procedure of Arctic exploration. Hitherto, the leads have been a constant menace after the spring equinox sends the sun climbing. Ships have left port early in the summer, aiming to establish bases as far North as practicable, and there wait for winter to freeze their ships in the ice and make travel by dog-team possible. The present expedition, known officially as the "MacMillan Polar Expedition, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, with the co-operation of the United States Government," will sail from Boston on the *Peary*, a new steel ship which has been fitted out to carry the augmented personnel of the expedition. In all there will be thirty-four men in the party. At Wiscasset, Maine, Captain MacMillan will transfer himself and the command of the expedition to the *Bowdoin*, the eighty-eight foot auxiliary schooner which carried him on his last voyage to the North. The *Bowdoin* has been thoroughly reconditioned at Wiscasset and a sixty-six horsepower engine has been installed. The expedition will follow the route which MacMillan took in 1913, passing through Smith Sound to Etah, Greenland, where a working base will be established. Airplane flights will be made, however, from a second base, to be established some 250 miles further north, and it is from this base that the real work of charting the at present unknown territory will be made. The short time to be spent in the Arctic means that MacMillan and his men will have little time for sleep, but of course that item isn't troubling the explorers.

The 'planes are capable of a cruising range of a thousand miles, and Captain MacMillan is eager to push his

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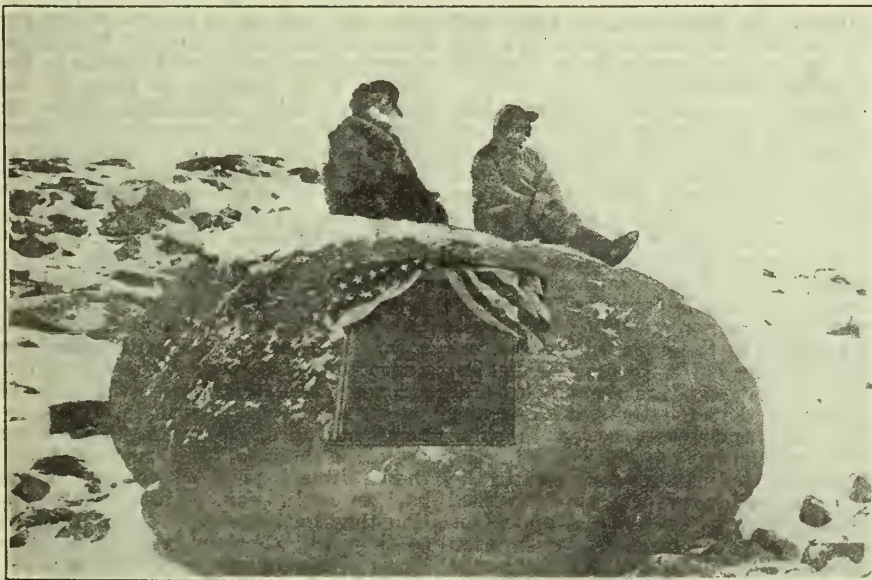
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The bronze memorial tablet placed at Camp Clay, Cape Sabine, in honor of the eighteen men of the Greely expedition who died of starvation in 1884. The tablet reads: "To the memory of the dead who under Lieutenant A. W. Greely here gave their lives to ensure the final and complete success of the first scientific co-operation of the United States with other nations, 1881-1884. Erected by the National Geographic Society 1923." This memorial was put in place by the MacMillan party last May. The story of the Greely expedition was told in *The American Legion Weekly* for December 19, 1924



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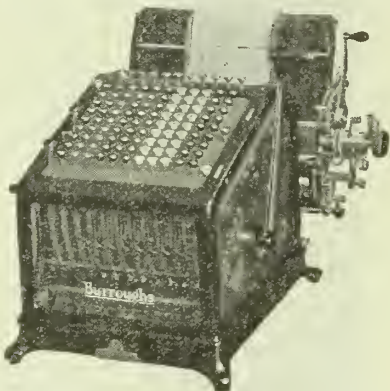
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second, or operating base as far as possible toward the region which he seeks to explore. In all safety, 450 miles is the furthest distance any of the 'planes can make from its base, and he expects this range to permit him to penetrate the fastnesses of the Polar Sea to a point three hundred miles beyond his 1914 record. The heart of this district lies some seven and one-half degrees from the Pole, approximately five hundred miles.

That he will find land in the heart of this vast stretch of ice and snow, MacMillan refuses to prophesy. Pressed for a reply to the question of what he expects to result from his summer's expedition, he only says: "We'll add a million square miles to the map. Land? I don't know: there may be land; tides and the ice out in the Polar Sea make it seem possible that it may exist far to the west of where we were in 1914. If it's there, we'll find it."

And that is the limit of his prediction. To the world, it may mean a fruitless journey, rewarded only by the sight of almost limitless expanses of crashing ice and leads in the black waters of the Polar Sea. If land is found, then MacMillan is confident that it will bear strange animals, birds, and possibly a new tribe of men, but of economic advantages to the world he says positively that there will be none.

In his book, "Four Years in the White North," he tells of a Wall Street banker who asked him: "What are you going to do with the land when you find it? Can you raise wheat on it?" The answer in the present case is the same categorical No. Nothing could be grown on any land which might be found in the Polar Sea. Its value to the world as an economic factor would be measured in zeros unless—unless, thinks MacMillan, it might be used as a fueling station for the dirigibles which he is sure, within a few decades, will be traveling back and forth across the Atlantic and Pacific as frequently and as safely as ships now make the journey. In that case, he feels that land in the Polar Sea would form a logical leg on the journey from America across the Pacific.

There is something commanding about the personality of this quiet, forceful, serious New Englander who in less than twenty years has pushed his way to the front rank of American explorers. It is hardly an exaggeration to state that with the death of Rear Admiral Peary in 1920, he has achieved first place in authority. Perhaps the appeal is carried in the matter-of-fact fashion in which he speaks of sleeping in the open with no covering save the drifting snow when the thermometer registers sixty below; or it may be that the thought of eating raw meat and living sewed in skins many months out of the year stirs the imagination of persons nurtured in the comparative luxury of a supercivilized society; at any rate, the appeal is there. You feel, perhaps, as Nansen felt of Peary: "He is your best man; in fact, I think he is on the whole the best of the men now trying to reach the Pole, and there is a good chance that he will be the one to succeed."

MacMillan first went North with Peary in 1908, as an assistant in the expedition which reached the Pole. The thrill of the Arctic claimed him, and since 1908 he has spent nearly thirteen years inside the Arctic Circle. An-

thropological work at Harvard prepared him more fully for a study of Eskimo tribes which he conducted in 1910 with the Cabot Labrador Party, and continued the work in 1911 and 1912. The following year he headed the Crocker Land Expedition which remained in the Arctic until 1917. Then the war came and he entered the Navy, rising to the rank of lieutenant commander of aviation, assigned as assistant to the chief of the experimental division at Hampton Roads. Given his discharge in 1919, he again sought the North, this time as head of the MacMillan Baffin Land Expedition, which occupied him until 1922. Last September he returned from another fifteen months' sojourn in the North, where, from a base at 78° 30' North Latitude, he conducted important surveys in terrestrial magnetism.

And now he is returning again. But if he has succeeded in the expeditions which he has led, it has been at the cost of terrible hardship and privation. Strangely enough, he states, modern science and invention have not contributed greatly to the ease of the Arctic explorer, and the expedition which Henry VIII sent out nearly four centuries ago might have succeeded in reaching the Pole almost as well as Peary in 1909 if only its members had used the plain common sense which was one of the American's strongest attributes, and adopted the mode of living of the Eskimos.

Thus, says MacMillan, one of the greatest dangers of the Arctic is from scurvy. But Eskimos are rarely troubled by this plague, and the reason is to be found in their diet of raw meat. Likewise, woollens, the traditional cold weather garb of the civilized world, are sure death in the Arctic. In place of this, MacMillan, following Peary's example, has substituted Eskimo clothing composed of a caribou-skin coat, bearskin pants, sheepskin stockings, boots made of the skin of the forelegs of a polar bear, with a sole of the bearded seal, and, topping it all, the warm fur hood. In this outfit, Captain MacMillan assures those who would winter in the North, it is possible to sleep in the open with little discomfort while the thermometer plays around sixty below. And he adds that it is impossible to freeze! "Once I slept out in this fashion when it was seventy-four below," he recalls. "Yes, it was a bit cold then and hard to sleep. But at sixty below it is quite comfortable."

Half the Polar area has passed beneath the eye of man, and when Captain MacMillan returns in September, a million square miles will have been added to the map. Yet the discoveries already made and those which lie in the future have added little to the economic advantage of man. To science goes the bulk of the reward which these tireless men of courage bring back to civilization. Mites of information they gather slowly, painfully, and so they will continue, until the storehouse of the world's knowledge is full—until the maps shall no longer display great, white spaces bearing the challenging caption "unexplored." Till then, other men will say quietly, "It's there: it's a challenge," and slip away from warm firesides in comfortable cities to fling back the gage of the unknown. Don Quixotes, perhaps, but it is to such as these that the world owes the present sum of its knowledge.



## T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

CLARENCE M. BLIZARD, Columbia County Post, Lake City, Fla. D. May 5, aged 34. Served with Co. A, 1st Bn., Chem. Warfare Serv.

ALBERT J. BREM, Alta Post, Dinuba, Cal. D. Feb. 20, aged 32. Served with Btty. E, 144th F. A.

JOHN BULGER, Capt. Thomas A. O'Brien Post, New York City, D. Apr. 24. Served with 156th Trans. Corps.

NOEL A. BURT, Lester Reid Post, Scott City, Kans. D. Apr. 28. Served in Army.

SAMUEL A. CLARK, Mattapan (Mass.) Post. D. May 14, aged 28. Served with 302d C. T. Corps.

WILLIAM W. CARLSON, Pierre (S. D.) Post. D. at Albuquerque, N. M., May 7. Served with Co. C, 147th F. A., 32d Div.

WILLIAM O. DENNY, Colon-Couch Post, Clayton, N. Y. D. Apr. 30, aged 38. Served with 153d D. B., Camp Dix, N. J.

GERALD R. EASTMAN, Campbell Post, Platte, S. D. D. Mar. 21, aged 29. Served in Sanitary Corps.

DENNIS EGAN, Green Isle (Minn.) Post. D. Apr. 28, aged 31. Served with Co. E., 74th Eng.

HELMER N. FREDERICKSON, Lawrence Wenell Post, Minneapolis, Minn. D. late in April at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Camp Kearney, Cal.

WILLIAM D. FOSTER, Theodore B. Sachs Post, Chicago, Ill. D. Apr. 14.

GEORGE F. GEIGER, Gracber Post, Sioux Rapids, Ia. D. May 11, aged 33. Served with 162d Aero Squadron.

RAYMOND S. GRONWALD, Theodore B. Sachs Post, Chicago, Ill. D. May 9.

ARTHUR W. GUETTLER, Carl F. Payson Post, Monroe, Mich. D. May 12, aged 34. Served at Naval Air Base, Pauliac, France.

FRANK G. GUSMUS, James R. Crowe Post, Sheffield, Ala. D. Apr. 21. Served in Btty. C, 113th F. A.

ELI F. HARDWICK, Pacific Post, Sawtelle, Cal. D. Apr. 20. Served with Co. H, 10th Inf.

DENTER W. HARRISON, Cecil W. Fogg Post, Somerville, Mass. D. May 13. Served with 101st Eng., 26th Div.

LOUIS HULSEBUS, Codington County Post, Watertown, S. D. D. May 13. Served with Co. L, 352d Inf.

JOE W. JINKS, Henry K. Bwrtner Post, Greensboro, N. C. D. May 8. Served with Co. E, 327th Inf., 82d Div.

CARL O. JOHNSON, Second Division Post, New York City, D. at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Dec. 24. Served in U. S. M. C.

ARTHUR J. KEATING, Theodore B. Sachs Post, Chicago, Ill. D. Mar. 15. Served in Army.

WILLIAM R. KOPPEN, McNamara Post, Cazenovia, Wis. D. May 2. Served in Army.

CARL E. KULLENBECK, Fort Dodge (Ia.) Post. D. May 9. Served with 91st Div.

CLARENCE LONG, Otto Morgan Post, Greenville, Tex. D. in April at Williams Beaumont Hosp., El Paso, Tex.

JOHN LUNDIN, Albert V. Braden Post, Ishpeming, Mich. D. at Battle Creek Sanitarium, Mar. 7.

JOHN J. MEADE, William A. Leonard Post, Flushing, N. Y. D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Tupper Lake, N. Y., May 6, aged 34. Served in A. E. F.

FREDERICK MORRISON, Cecil Tormey Post, Thorp, Wis. D. May 6, aged 47. Served with 47th Bn., C. E. F.

MAX MOSS, Omaha (Neb.) Post. D. May 10, aged 38. Served with Co. B, 341st M. G. Bn., 89th Div.

CHARLES D. NOE, William A. Leonard Post, Flushing, N. Y. D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., May 9, aged 33. Served with Co. I, 308th Inf., 77th Div.

VINCENT P. O'NEILL, Bernard J. Dolan Post, Ashland, Pa. D. May 3. Served in Med. Corps, A. E. F.

ALVA H. PERKINS, Castle Post, Chicago, Ill. D. at Brookline, Mass., Apr. 8, aged 41.

FRED G. PORTER, McVey Post, Mansfield, O. D. Apr. 5.

LORETTUS L. RUPE, Paul Dixon Post, Mystic, Ia. D. May 7. Served with 277th Aero Sqn.

JOSEPH SACCO, Omaha (Neb.) Post. D. May 10, aged 34. Served with Co. C, 341st Inf., 89th Div.

GEORGE E. SOUTH, Inwood Post, New York City, D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Tupper Lake, N. Y., May 9, aged 40. Served with C. E. F.

HENRY T. THOMPSON, Lac Qui Parle Post, Madison, Minn. D. Apr. 21, aged 31. Served with Co. D, 12th M. G. Bn., Fourth Div.

HERMAN VON HASSEL, 302d Engineers Post, New York City, D. Mar. 15. Served with 302d Eng., 77th Div.

THOMAS M. WADE, Robert F. Crandall Post, Katonah, N. Y. D. May 9, aged 42. Served with Co. L, 10th Inf.

AMOS D. WALKER, Saxonville (Mass.) Post. D. Feb. 28. Served with Co. L, 101st Inf.

MICHAEL T. WALSH, Flessner Post, Larchwood, Ia. D. Jan. 16. Served in A. E. F.

ANDREW T. WHITE, Pearson L. Brown Post, Campbellsport, Wis. D. Mar. 25, aged 36. Served with Co. A, 128th M. G. Co., 32d Div.

WILLIAM J. WINTAKER, Manchester (Ia.) Post. D. Apr. 7, aged 33. Served with Btty. A, 4th Regt., F. A. R. D.

JOHN E. WRIGHT, Archie Wood Post, Clarks-ville, Tenn. D. Oct. 18. Served at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

GRACE B. ZAHN, U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post, Washington, D. C. D. Apr. 22. Served in U. S. N. R. F.

ROBERT E. ZEIGLER, Englewood Post, Chicago, Ill. D. Apr. 8. Chaplain, U. S. Gen. Hosp., Whipple Barracks, Ariz.

JOSEPH ZETTLER, Beaver Falls (Pa.) Post. D. Jan. 13, aged 35. Served with 323d F. A., 82d Div.

# INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER



Robt. H. Ingersoll, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced, dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Strop; an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

## The INGERSOLL Dollar Strop

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail. There is almost magic in the speed, comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

**Ten Days' Trial** It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Strop is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1.00 at once.

**WANTED** This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sell at sight. Write for agents' terms.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.  
Dept. 56, 47 Broadway, New York City

I enclose \$1 for which please send me Ingersoll Dollar Strop complete, including the Ingersoll Specialty Prepared Razor. It is understood that I can return the strop in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Make of Razor Used .....  
☐ If interested in agents' proposition, check here.

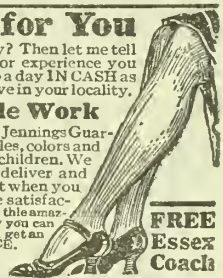
## \*16 a Day for You

Do you want more money? Then let me tell you how without capital or experience you can immediately earn \$16 a day IN CASH as the Jennings Representative in your locality.

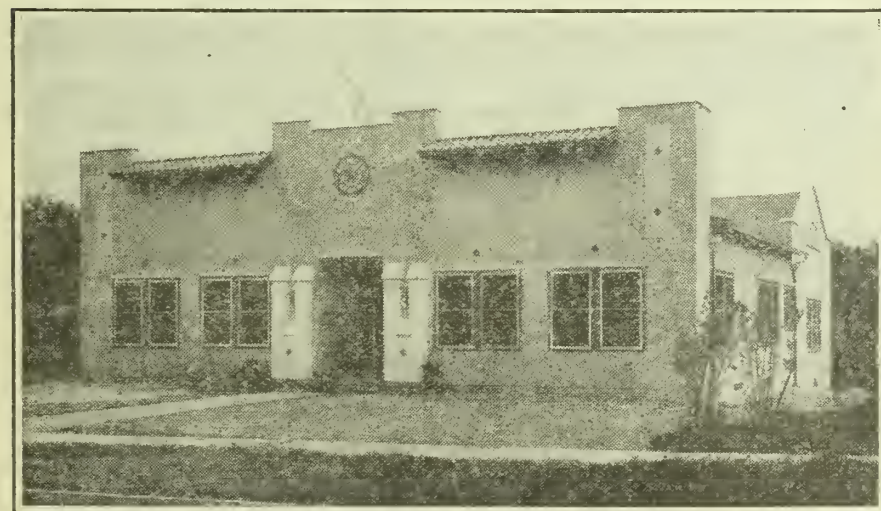
### Easy, Profitable Work

Allyou do is take orders for Jennings' Guaranteed Hosiery—in all styles, colors and sizes for men, women and children. We furnish everything. We deliver and collect. You get your profit when you take an order. Part time satisfactory. Write now for facts about this amazing proposition. Find out how you can make \$16 a day and more, and get an Essex Closed Automobile FREE.

Jennings Mfg. Co.  
Hose A-115, Dayton, Ohio



## Everybody Lent a Hand



Five years of untiring effort by DeLand (Florida) Post produced this fine clubhouse, most of the twenty thousand dollars necessary to finance the club coming from street carnivals, minstrel shows and dances. Popular subscriptions also played a part, and members of the Post took fifty-dollar bonds to push it through

Cal. 30

**U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES**

All Carabines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Government and equal to new.

Krag Rifles	\$12.50	Krag Sporting Rifles	\$14.00
Sprgfd. 45 Shot Guns	4.50	Sprgfd. 45 Carabines	3.50
Colt Cal. 45	11.50		

SEND FOR CATALOG.

W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-E NORTH 10th ST. PHILA., PA.

**RAILWAY**

**MAIL CLERKS**

**Wanted—Railway Postal Clerks**

**\$158 to \$225 Month (Postal Salaries Just Raised)**

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. E-187, Rochester, N. Y.

Special Preference to ex-service men.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions and free sample coaching; (2) schedule showing places of examination; (3) list of other Government jobs now open to ex-service men; (4) advise me fully regarding preference to ex-service men.

Travel—see your country.

Mail Coupon at Once

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Service

"What did you do in the Great War?" asked the housewife.

"Lady," replied the tramp. "I went without satin, silk, soap and toilet accessories."

## By Its Right Name

[Paid notice in the Valdosta (Ga.) Times]

This is to certify that I, Henry Rains, who was accused and arrested on a charge of selling poisoned whiskey to W. A. Curry, undertaker, was found not guilty, because it was only embalming fluid, which he asked me to bring him and not poisoned whiskey. I am making this statement to vindicate my name. B. Solomon did not know anything about it.

## The Ultimate Limit of Affection

"And do you really love me, dear?" "Sweetheart, I'd split my last quart with you."

## Practice Makes Perfect

[From the Watertown (N. Y.) Times]

The village of Moira is soon to have a new physician in the person of Dr. William Kingston, who is expected to become a resident about June 1. The doctor has had experience. He is married and has six children.

## Natural

"Your hired man is a picturesque chap," remarked the visiting artist. "I wonder if he'd sit for a portrait."

"You couldn't get him to take any other position," declared his employer, who knew his man.

## Now, Now!

[Ad in Roswell (N. M.) Evening News]

FOR SALE—Twelve fresh milk cows, twelve calves and one hundred lambs. Scientifically adjusted. Terms to right party, but no last year's bird nests need apply.

## More or Less Useless

It was on the social worker's tour of the prison.

"Would you like me to bring you some magazines?" she asked, stopping in front of the cell occupied by No. 7777.

"Not if they got continued stories, ma'am," replied the victim of circumstances.

"Why not?"

"Because they're gonna laugh me Monday," said the prisoner gloomily.

## Radio Nomad

"Blanks is quite a home man, isn't he?"

"I should say not! He tries to pick up Cuba and London every evening."

## Lucky, Maybe

Simpson: "You know, Lem. I'm kind o' sorry I never got t' hear this here feller Paderewski play the pianny."

Ficklin: "I was

too, Clint, until here a while back I bought a pianny an' one o' my gals started takin' lessons. I ain't s' sure you missed much."

## Progress

"I want you t' learn my Jimmy t' read an' write," stated Zed Tucker, out of the mountains, to the teacher of the town school.

"All right, Mr. Tucker," agreed the teacher. "But we don't learn boys, we teach them."

"Fine!" approved the old man. "Use all them new-fangled idees y' wanten."

## From a Surgical Angle

Visiting Doctor: "Was the operation a success?"

House Surgeon (enthusiastically): "Beyond all our expectations. We kept the patient's lungs working for twenty minutes after all heart action had ceased."

## Fickle Friends

[From the Boston Evening American]

Four years ago she submitted to an operation, and, much to the dismay of her friends, arose two days later.

## Souvenir

Ex-Major O'Shea on Memorial Day

Was chosen to lead the parade. He brushed his O. D.'s and shined his puttees,

But his helmet of steel was mislaid. He cried to his wife: "I can't for the life Of me think where I put my tin hat." She replied: "Why, my dear, for a week it's been here

On the porch where each night you have sat."

O'Shea took a look at his wife's cozy nook, Then started to rave and to rant, For there, painted green, to match the porch screen,

Was his helmet—containing a plant. With tears in her eyes, she sobbed: "Why you prize

That rusty old thing puzzles me. The strap was all worn and the lining was torn

And the dents were disgraceful to see."

Now the moral is clear: When you next volunteer,

Stay far from the battle line's strife; From the shrapnel shells flee, and your tin hat will be

A nice souvenir for your wife.

—Jay Bee.

## A Scoffer

"Well, sonny," announced Dr. Diggs, "I've brought you a little baby sister." "Take her back," ordered the small boy of the family, who had just suffered an affair of the heart. "I'm offa these women fer life."

## Own Your Own Court House

[From the Elgin (Ill.) Daily News]

Mr. and Mrs. L—— D——, formerly living in Chicago, have moved to a home in Geneva near the court house which they have recently purchased.

## Not So Keen

For months young Simpkins had been calling on the town belle, but with no marked success.

"I suppose," he at last suggested desperately, "that if we lived in the Stone Age, I'd hit you over the head with a club and drag you off and marry you."

"You'd have to," she responded sweetly, "in order to marry me."

## Diluted?

[From the National Petroleum News]

R. S. Rainwater plans to add a filling station to his drug store.

## S. R. O.

"I wish," complained the preacher, "that I could make my flock take more of an interest in Heaven. None of them seems to want to go."

"Tell them that children under sixteen are not admitted," suggested the helpful friend.

## This Is Too Much

"I understand," said the young author confidently, "that you are looking for originality. Well, I have written a play without sex—"

"Stop!" interrupted the producer. "We do want originality, but not mutiny!"

## Adjacent

Though it had been six or more years since Budkins had been abroad, he was still pestering his friends with reminiscences.

"I suppose you saw Anatole France?" yawned one.

"No," admitted Budkins, "but we were in the town right next to it."

## Charitable

"Here's fifty cents," coaxed the little brother's big sister's beau. "Now tell me what Mabel says about me when I'm not here."

"Huh," snorted the little brother, "I wouldn't call you all that just for only fifty cents!"

## Credulous

An angry purchaser dashed into the second-hand car plant.

"You told me that auto would work like a charm," he began, "but—"

"Now, my dear sir," replied the salesman, "I never supposed you were one of those superstitious persons who believe in charms."

## Open Minded

"Why do you want to kiss me?" she asked coyly.

"Oh," yawned the experienced lover, "what reasons do you prefer?"





# THE FOURTH OF JULY



**O**NE hundred and fifty years after Lexington and Concord, "Old Glory" is still waving above the greatest nation on earth. On the Fourth of July we will celebrate throughout the entire United States the independence that our forefathers won for us. It should be your proud duty to see that above your home and from your window the flag will be flying in honor of the greatest event in our history. To assist you to fittingly observe

## INDEPENDENCE DAY

The American Legion Weekly will give you one of

**These Flag Outfits Free For  
Only One (Non-Member) Subscription  
For The American Legion Weekly**

*The American Legion Weekly should be read by every man and woman in your community—by people who are not in The American Legion as well as those who are—for it contains articles and editorials vital to the need of the country.*

*In order to add these non-mem-*

*bers to the vast roll of readers of The American Legion Weekly—in order to make more friends for The American Legion—we are prepared to give you—free of any charge, the Flag Outfit shown above—for ONE NON-MEMBER SUBSCRIPTION to The American Legion Weekly.*

**GET  
YOUR  
FLAG  
NOW.  
FREE!**

### FOLLOW THESE EASY INSTRUCTIONS

Call on a friend. Sell him (or if you can afford it and prefer to do so, give him) a year's subscription for The American Legion Weekly. The price to a non-member of the Legion is \$1.50 a year (52 issues). Fill out the coupon correctly. Enclose in an envelope with

check, postal or express money order for \$1.50. Address and mail to The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind. If you want one of these beautiful American Flag Outfits as a free gift, act NOW. Get a subscription now and send for your Flag Outfit at ONCE.

#### Description

Each outfit comprises a 3 x 5 foot flag, brass screw jointed hardwood pole, with rope and ball, also holder.

This Flag is made of the best quality, soft cotton bunting—colors fast to sun and rain, double stitched throughout. Double hem, well made, canvas heading and strong grommets. The stars are printed and the stripes are sewed.

The Exclusive Screw joint used in this model cannot come apart, which, with other attractive features, makes this combination one of the most popular innovations on the market.

Every Flag Outfit comes packed in a neat, compact cardboard box, making it very convenient for storing when not in use. *You will be proud to display this flag on all patriotic occasions.*

### THIS IS THE COUPON—MAIL IT!

The American Legion Weekly,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Send \$1.50  
With This Coupon

Here is a new reader for The American Legion Weekly and \$1.50 to pay for the year's subscription. Please send me the complete Flag Outfit as advertised.

Send The American Legion  
Weekly to

Send Flag Outfit Free of Any  
Charge to

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State \_\_\_\_\_



# How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness-

*Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair*

I'M willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a baldness remedy. And the oftener I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a tooth paste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it..."

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"Done?" I shouted, "aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head you are always at liberty to resign!"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

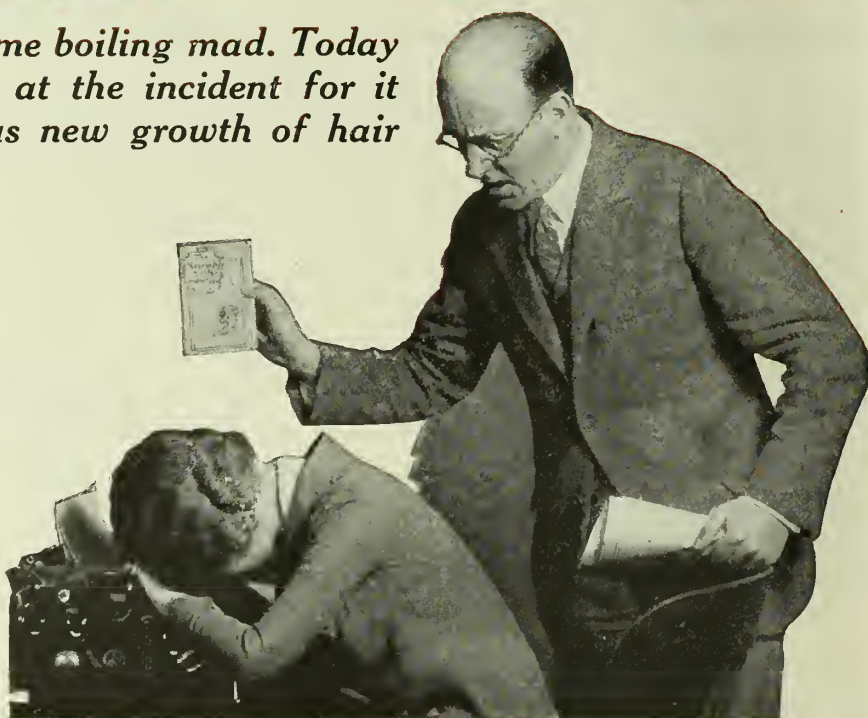
She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness. And I have to admit that a more interesting, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—well, I completely weakened and sent for the treatment.

The first two or three



times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

## Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

## Read This!

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B. Kenmore Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file at the Institutes.)

The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

## Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow", which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 226, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## GET THIS FREE BOOK

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.  
Dept. 226, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Please send me—without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book describing the Merke System.

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